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and Miss Walsh, Hon. and Mrs. Irving P. Wanger, Mr. George Wanger, Miss Ruth Wanger, Mr. Newton Wanger, and Mrs. Wanger, Mrs. W. W. Wanger, Mrs. William H. Warder and Miss Warder, Miss S. Abbey F. Warn, Hon. and Mrs. William Warner, Hon. Francis E. Warren, Miss Francesa Warren, Prof. and Mrs. Minton Warren, Hon. and Mrs. Frank H. Wasson, Mrs. W. W. Wasson, Hon. and Mrs. John T. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Watkins and the Misses Watkins, Pay Director J. H. Watroug, Miss Watson, Rear Admiral and Mrs. E. W. Watson, Mrs. J. W. Watson, Mrs. J. W. Watson, Mrs. James E. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Watts, Rear Admiral and Mrs. A. W. Weaver, Mrs. Webb, Hon. and Mrs. Edwin Y. Webb, Hon. Amos R. Webber and Mrs. Webber, Hon. and Mrs. J. C. Webster, Mrs. A. C. Webster, Miss Webster, and Mr. William G. Webster, Mrs. E. B. Weeks, Hon. and Mrs. John W. Weeks, Hon. Capell L. Weems, Hon. Charles H. Weisse, Hon. and Mrs. John White, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitely, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wells and Miss Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell, Miss Hattie Wertzberger, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Henry W. Wessells and Miss Wessells, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Westcott, West, Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Westcott, Hon. and Mrs. George P. Wetmore, the Misses Wetmore, Mr. William S. K. Wetmore, and Mr. Rogers K. Wetmore, Hon. Charles S. Wharton, Mr. Justice and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. White, and Mrs. Andrew J. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. White, Mr. Harry White, Mrs. K. G.

White, Mrs. W. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. William Frye White, Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Mrs. F. A. White, Miss F. A. White, and Mrs. George E. Whitehouse, Hon. William P. Whyte, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wilber and Miss Wilber, Brig. Gen. Timothy E. Wilcox and Miss Wilcox, Gen. Timotheus W. Wilson, Hon. J. M. Wilson and A. Wiley, Hon. and Mrs. William H. Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. D. Allen Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Williams, Charles A. Williams and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, Mr. James Thomas Williams, Jr., Mr. John R. Williams and Miss Williams, Hon. and Mrs. John S. Williams, Mr. John S. Williams, Chief Engineer of the U. S. Fish Commission, Hon. Misses Williamson, Mr. H. Parker Willis, Mrs. Willis, and Miss Willis, Miss Josephine Willis, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Edward B. Williston, the Secretary of Agriculture and Mr. Jasper Williston, Hon. Charles F. Wilson, Brig. Gen. John M. Wilson, Miss Lella M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick Wilson, Hon. J. M. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wilson, Mrs. Wolcott, Hon. Ira W. Wood, Miss Ellen P. Wood, Mr. William P. Wood, and Mr. Edward S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wood, Hon. and Mrs. W. H. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wood, Mrs. S. S. Wood, Miss E. C. de Q. Woodbury, Mrs. Woods and the Misses Woods, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. George A. Woodward and Miss Woodward, Hon. and Mrs.

Dr. and Mrs. Yarrow, Mrs. Emma J. Young, Hon. and Mrs. H. Olin Young and Miss Caroline E. Young, Mrs. John Rust sell Young, Lieut. Gen. Samuel B. M. Young, Mr. Warren S. Young.

Z.

Major and Mrs. M. G. Zalinski, Hon. William T. Zenor.

TAR HEEL SOCIETY EVENT.

Brilliant Splendors of a Party Painted in Iridescent Hues.

From the Wilson, N. C., Times.

The elegant home of that sparkling little jewel, Miss Elsie Moore, who is as pretty as a picture and as bright as an icicle and as pure as a dewdrop and as sweet as a flower, was a sparkling scene of radiant loveliness last night, for the beautiful little maiden and her friends sojourned and magnificently formed sister had invited a number of their hands to assemble in honor of the beautiful and bewitching Miss Neda Taylor, and the charming and fascinating Miss Rosalie Setzer, who are now dispensing the charms and wiles in Wilson and making so many hearts drunk with the inebriating potations of their intoxicating graces.

It was indeed a scene of rarest loveliness, the rival of Wilson's brightest even-

were true in all of their richest luster, and were rivaling in their brilliancy the exquisite beaming of those resplendent jewels in whose honor this delightful entertainment was given. And, above it all, it was a brilliant scene of joyous festivity, for the lovely faces of our glorious little maidens were as radiant as the pure and stainless gleamings of a crystal rubbed with the softest of diamonds, and shimmering sunbeams and burnished with the dazzling strokes of quivering lightning. And as these merry maidens, with sparkling eyes and beaming faces and musical laughter, moved to and fro like swarms of butterflies, their voices poured into that channel of enjoyment a stream of silver light and tinted each ripple in that joyous current with a sunbeam of brightest cheer.

And we fancy that as our handsome and gallant young lads looked down into the radiant depths of such sparkling eyes—eyes whose faintest glimmer would make the glistening skies of blooming midnight pale with envy, and more let their feeble torches burn away—we fancy that these young boys felt that cupid had come to their young hearts on a mission as sweet as odors come when vernal breezes and passionate sunbeams come, and that they would love and make them breathe the fragrance of springtime's richest bowers.

BIG FORTUNES IN SABLES.

With Skins at \$450 Each Prices So Low

Into the Thousands,

From the London Mirror.

The two most expensive sable coats in the world were made by the Empress of Russia and Queen Maud of Norway.

The Empress' coat is made from pure sables, the best which could be obtained in Europe, and is valued by an expert in furs at anything between \$250,000 and \$400,000, while that which Queen Maud wore at the guild hall the other day would be worth nearly half as much.

The manager of a Recent stock firm said that within the last two years the price of sable had increased by 75 per cent and was still going up.

"The price is practically prohibitive," he said, "and we have to find a substitute in Russian fur. The best sorts of which cost as much as \$1,000. If the same were made in real sable, the price would be about \$7,500 or more.

"There is as much gambling in sables as there is on the stock exchange. The furriers and the demand is still great. People are now beginning to pass sables down as heirlooms—and valuable they are, too, at \$450 a skin."

Diplomatic.

From Harper's Weekly.

The tireless preacher finally finished his almost interminable sermon. The congregation had slowly filed out, save one man, who lagged behind to speak with the pastor.

"Do you know, minister," he said in a

lker, confidential tone, "that your sermon this morning reminded me more of a wheel than anything else that I could think of?"

"A wheel!" said the startled divine.

"How could it do that?"

"Oh, merely that in a wheel the longer the spoke is the longer is the tire."